

## ONE MAN'S TRIUMPH

By CLARIBEL WILSON.

"Jim" Halsey, six feet two, broad, square, was the most picturesque figure that ever went into Wall Street. At the age of thirty-two he had come out of Alaska with a cool fifteen million, gained during a period of seven years that had elapsed since he went North from Illinois, a country storekeeper's assistant with a longing for adventure.

The same qualities of nerve which had stood him in such good stead among the miners continued to accomplish much for him in New York. Finally, however, a combination was set on foot against him. And, after a Homeric battle of seven days, in which stocks were slaughtered at a rate unknown before, Jim found himself with the price of his hotel bill, a ticket back to Nome and \$700 in bills.

"Jim" Halsey was wiped out. The evening newspapers announced it in red type. And Jim was pondering over the situation.

For himself he cared nothing at all. But for Agnes McLaughlin he cared everything. And he had to tell her. McLaughlin had been a picturesque figure—too picturesque to be admitted into New York's elite; but the tenacity of the widow, aided by a million dollars, had won a way for herself and her daughter.

Mrs. McLaughlin had spent her capital like water. A million will go a good way in a three-year campaign, if it is supposed to be supported by other millions behind it. Nobody knew that the McLaughlin fortune was down to its last fifty thousand. But everybody knew that Agnes McLaughlin had been hawked round the eligible of Europe and America during the last three years. Everybody, that is, but Jim.

He was admitted to the rented house on Fifth avenue. He thought the butler looked a little coldly at him. The mental, in fact, reflected the feelings of the household. Mrs. McLaughlin, who had considered Jim an excellent compromise in the light of previous failures and her dwindling capital, had the sense of a woman betrayed.

"You poor child!" he said tenderly. "Do you suppose that I am going to let this happen to you? I am going to marry you—do you understand that, Agnes? I am going to marry you, and I am going to save you from yourself."

"I came here tonight with the intention of offering to release you. And, not believing that your love, in which I believed, was fair-weather love, I planned to tell you that in two or three years I could come back to New York with another fortune. I was going to ask you to wait two years. Now I am going to take you away with me."

"Timmons! Timmons!" exclaimed the mother feebly, as she clung to the table. But Timmons did not come. In fact, he was not even at the door. The discreet butler was, instead, recounting the incident in the servants' apartments.

"What?" whispered the girl, raising her eyes to him with an expression that Jim had never seen in them since he had met her. "If you think that you can learn to love me—come day," said Jim. "If you think you can do that, trusting to time. Don't I know what you have gone through? Why, many and many a man sell himself, too, body and soul, in the struggle of life. But if you can love me, dear—"

"Oh, I can," cried the girl impulsively. "I love you, Jim. I think I have always loved you. But I didn't know what love was until you taught me, Jim."

And that was Jim Halsey's greatest of all triumphs, which he remembered afterward, when his name was upon all lips as that of the man who had "come back."

"Are You a Fool, or What's the Matter With You?"

or of a man who has staked his last penny on the favorite at the races, and lost.

The mother sailed into the room. She stood still, looking at Jim, and all her resentment flashed out in her bitter words.

"Is it true, what the papers say, that you are a pauper?" she demanded in accents of indescribable vulgarity. All the veneer of 29 years had vanished, and she was again—well, the type of woman that she had been when McLaughlin, fascinated with her bold beauty, had married her.

"Yes, it's true," admitted Jim, with a smile. "But don't take it to heart, Mrs. McLaughlin. Of course, this will mean the postponement of our marriage, and I shall have to scrape to gether another fortune in Alaska. But—"

"Postponement!" shrieked the woman, coarsely. "Do you suppose Aggie is going to marry you now?"

"Why, of course, I do," answered Jim, looking at the woman in bewilderment.

"A penniless pauper!" she sneered. "Of course it is hard on her," admitted Jim. "But surely, Mrs. McLaughlin, there were no monetary considerations involved in our engagement."

Mrs. McLaughlin actually snapped her fingers under Jim's nose.

"See here, young man, I'm going to talk straight to you," she said. "I don't know whether you're bluffing or just a fool, but I mean Aggie to marry a man with a wad of money. What do you think she took you for? For your good looks? Are you a fool, or what's the matter with you?"

Jim felt as helpless before this outburst of rage as a wild beast in a trap.

"If your daughter releases me, of course I shall accept the decision," he answered quietly.

"Well, we'll soon see about that!" screamed the woman. She touched the bell and the butler appeared. Upon his face was a sneer hardly disguised. It was evident that he had been listening to the conversation at the door. "Tell Miss Agnes to come here at once," she said.

Agnes McLaughlin came in and her mother turned to her with a furious gesture.

"This man is a pauper, Aggie," she said. "And he thinks he is going to marry you. He won't take the truth

from me. Tell him what you have just told me, Aggie."

The girl turned to Halsey. "I cannot marry you," she said. "Please understand that finally, I never loved you."

"Then you—you only wanted my money?" demanded Jim.

"Not for myself," cried the girl with a sudden vehement outburst. "For my mother. I have been on sale three years. Everybody has known it but you."

"Aggie! What are you talking about?" cried her mother in amazement.

"I will speak now," answered the girl. "I have been taken round the matrimonial showrooms of Europe and America for three years. My mother has spent nearly a million dollars on me, in the expectation of getting it back, and more. You were the last chance, for our money is nearly gone—"

"How dare you speak like that!" cried Mrs. McLaughlin furiously.

"Because it is the truth," replied the daughter. "Did I love you, Jim? I never thought of love. I only thought of doing my duty and repaying the money that had been advanced on me. We don't love, we of the fashionably rich class. We marry to sell ourselves to the men we can infatuate. That was why I accepted you."

"The girl has gone mad!" exclaimed Mrs. McLaughlin, with upraised hands. "Timmons!"

But if Timmons was listening discreetly at the door, he evidently judged this an unpropitious moment to enter in answer to the call.

"That was why I became engaged to you, Jim," continued Agnes McLaughlin. "And I thought I was doing my duty. Ah, but—"

her voice softened involuntarily. "It was only when I found that you were different, Jim, that I realized that I began to realize my wrong. I was ready to break the heart of an honest man—for you would have found me out after marriage, Jim. I was ready to do the greatest wrong a woman can do to a man. I realized that when I saw that yours was not the veneer of courtesy, to which I have grown accustomed, but the love of a good man. And many and many a time I was half-tempted to confess to you, and retrained. Now you know all, and there is no more to say."

She turned toward the door, and Jim, ignoring the mother, who stood, apparently paralyzed, beside the table, followed her and caught her by the wrist.

"And now—you will sell yourself to some other man?" he demanded fiercely.

"Oh, I suppose so," she answered, wearily. "That is, if the money—"

she gave a hysterical little laugh—"if the money does not give out before mother can find one."

Jim Halsey suddenly laughed, and it was at that moment that he showed the best of the qualities which had given him success. For in his laughter there was the challenge of a strong man who refuses to accept the buffet of fate, and rises supreme, to dominate it.

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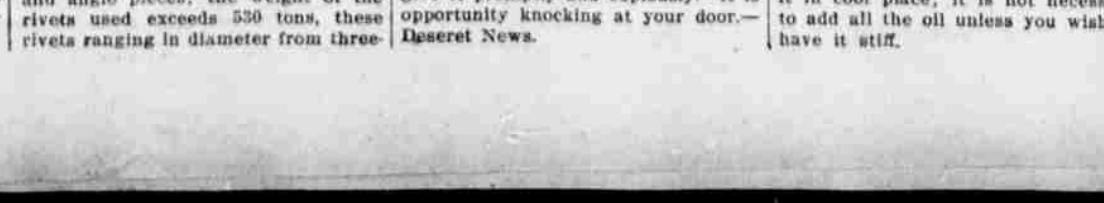
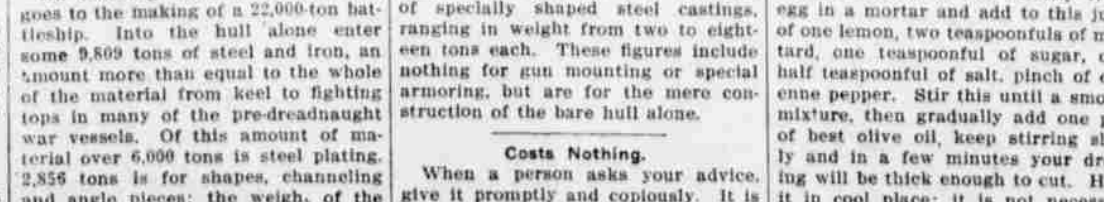
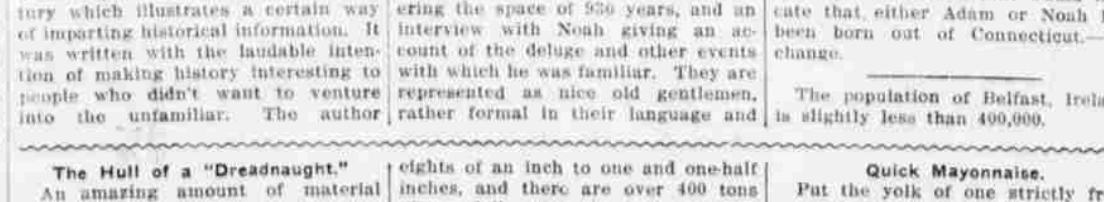
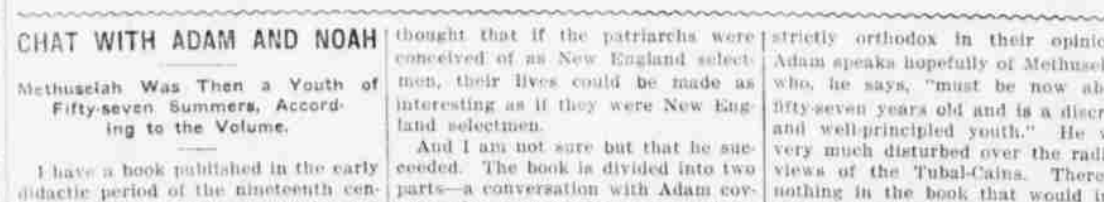
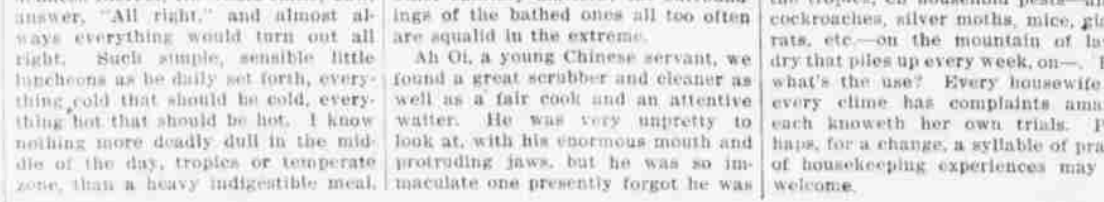
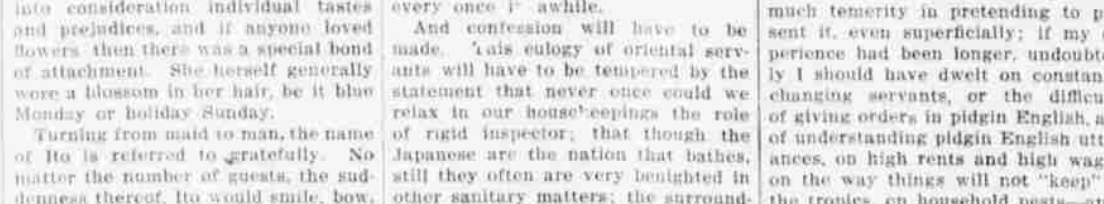
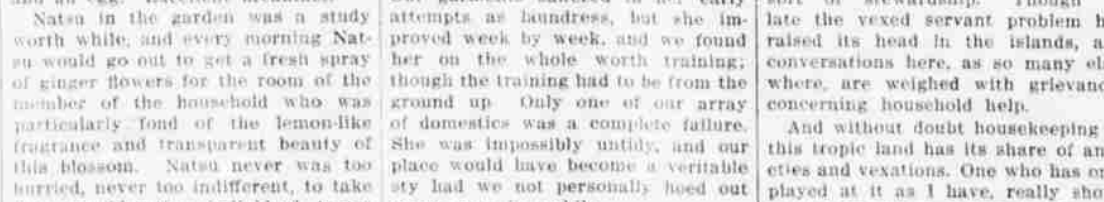
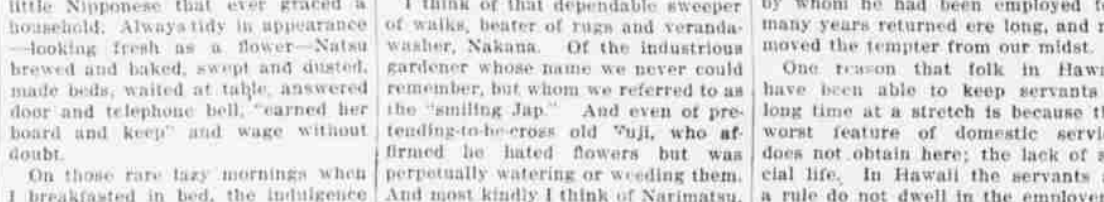
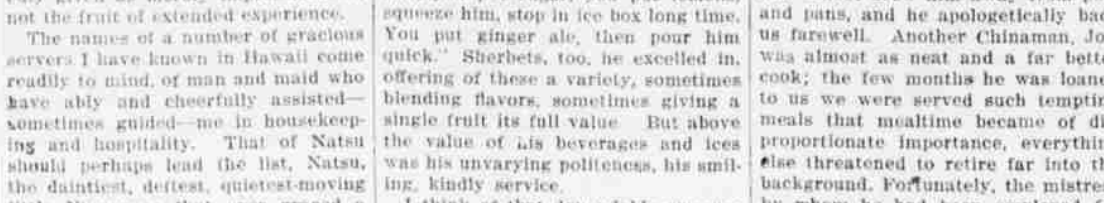
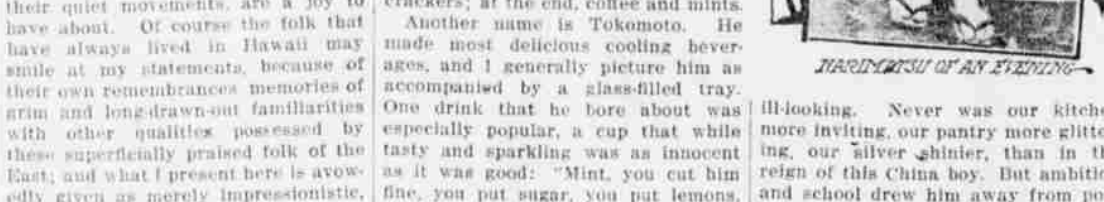
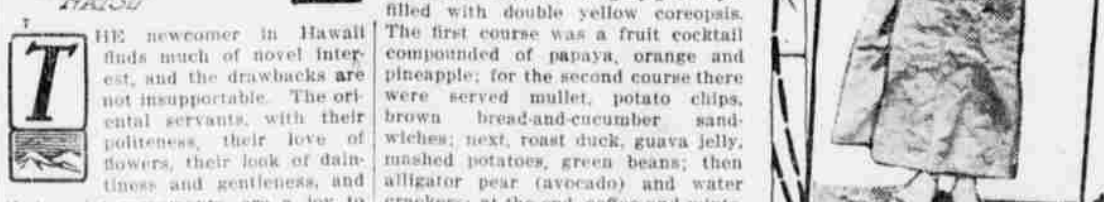
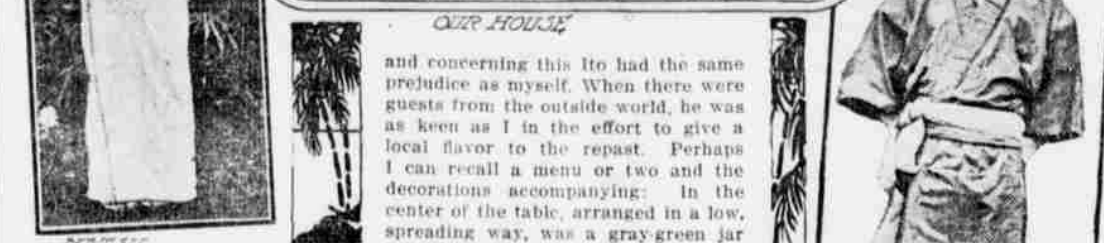
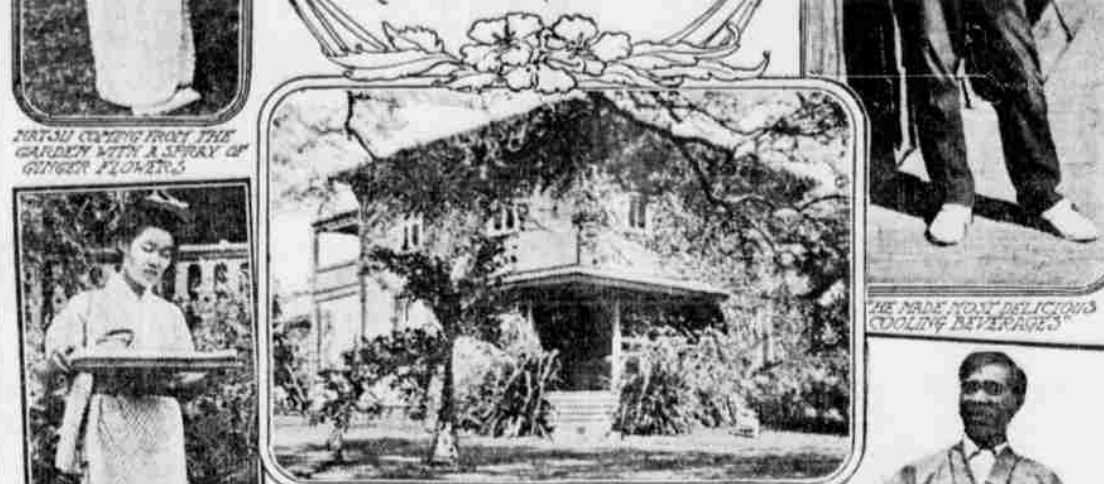
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## HOUSE-KEEPING IN HAWAII

By KATHERINE POPE



## SEEMS LIKE SENSIBLE IDEA

Woman Says Time to Take a Wedding Trip is Before Contemplated Marriage.

"People laugh when they say that the best time to take a wedding journey is before the wedding," said a New York woman, according to the Sun of that city, "but there never was a truer thing said, and divorcees would be much less frequent if that were the custom, with certain limitations, of course. I proved it conclusively during the last summer."

"In June last a young woman whom I have known since childhood asked me if she could join me in a six months' trip my husband and I were about to take overseas. I was glad enough to have her with me, for she is not a young girl, and she has money enough to travel properly. Three or four days before we started she asked me if I would object to a certain man making the fourth of the party."

"He was a very nice sort, also with money enough, and as they had been so attentive to each other for a year that their friends had concluded they were sure to marry before a great while, I added him gladly, as did my husband. Well, we got away in good style on a ship bound for Spain, where we spent the first month, and I was as happy as could be."

"On the fourth day out the girl came into my stateroom, and, to my astonishment, put her head on my shoulder and began to cry. I was frightened and wanted to know what was wrong, and between sobs she told me the man she had thought was so nice was getting on her nerves so that she simply couldn't stand it and had to tell somebody or jump overboard."

"Her previous association had been of the usual kind incidental to the acquaintance of two unmarried persons, and, while he was very nice that way, having him around all the time was simply awful, she said, and I must help her out of it. Of course that was easy enough, for as before I had been keeping myself out of their way, now I did all I could to keep in their way and it saved the girl's life till we reached land."

"After that it was a little easier and by the man, being a sensible fellow, made it convenient to quit our party good friends and went to Paris. I'm sure, and so is the girl, that if they had not gone on the trip they would have married, and then anybody can imagine what the result would have been."

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## GOT CUE THIRD TIME

VIRGINIAN HAD LEARNED WISDOM FROM EXPERIENCE.

Two Painful Happenings Taught Him to Take No Chances as to Which Side His Captors Wanted Him to "Hooray" For.

When he returned from the reunion of the Spanish War Veterans, former Militia Captain Marsh remarked to his wife that it was "all eulogy—when we didn't write ourselves down heroes some other fellow did it for us!"

"I know now," he continued, "how father felt that time he went south with his post, and every man broke the hair-breadth-escape record except that old Virginian. You know the story?"

Mrs. Marsh shook her head.

"He sat all hunched up on the hotel piazza, listening to the Northerners. Finally he spoke up:

"Gentlemen, you have all been through a heap, but they ain't one of ye had a wuss time than me, I'll bet."

"Which side were you on?" asked someone.

"Nary side, gentlemen, but I had my troubles," replied the old fellow, with an air of mystery. "You see, when the war first broke out I didn't know much about it. I was a soldier of it out, but I hadn't come to no judgment."

"Well, one night my darter Mary took powerful sick. The doctor he wrote a script, and told me to go right off and get it, so I bridled my ol' mare and started. Wall, gentlemen, when I got, I reckon, about three miles from home—it was monstrous dark—some one called 'Halt!' and I halted."

"Fust thing I knowed, I was a prisoner, and the boys were round me thick's June bugs. 'Gentlemen,' I says, 'darter Mary—'

"'Durn Mary!' says they. 'Who you fur? Speak out. Hooray fr somebody!'

"I studied a minute, then I says, 'ona venture like, 'Hooray fur Jeff Davis!'

"'I tol' ye he wasn't one of us' one of 'em sung out. 'Git off that mare!'

"They took me off that mare, and buckled me over a log, and hit me over five hundred times. It hurt me pow'ful bad, but I mounted and started on."

"I hadn't gone more'n three mile when I heard another voice call out, 'Halt!' and I halted again, and again the boys had me."

"'Who you fur?' they shouts. 'Gentlemen,' says I, 'my darter Mary's powerful sick, and the doctor—'

"'Never mind the doctor!' they yells. 'Which side you fur? Hooray fr somebody!'

"'I want' goin' to be kitched again. I jes' took off my hat and says, loud's I could, 'Hooray fur Abe Lincoln!'

"'There!' they all yells. 'I tol' ye he was a traitor. Get down off that mare!'

"They took me off that mare, buckled me over a log, and jes' gin me 500 moun'. It was monstrous bad. But I mounted and went along."

"Jes' as I was a-comin' into town another voice called out, 'Halt!'

"I halted."

"'Who you fur?' he says. 'Hooray fr somebody!'

"Gentlemen," concluded the old Virginian, with a wise smile, "I want' never a-goin' to be kitched again. I jes' says:

"'Mister, you jes' be so kind as to hooray fust, jes' this once.'"

YOUTH'S Companion.

Shows World How to Grow Rice.

Although the total production of rice in Spain is the lowest of the six rice-growing countries, the yield per acre is double that contained in Italy and Egypt, and more than six times the official figures for India. This result is due to the thorough cultivation of the fields with specially designed implements, to the system of transplantation and the use of large quantities of suitable nitrogenous and phosphatic manures, practices introduced by the Moors from the Orient.

The fear of encouraging malaria has hitherto acted as a deterrent to the extension of the area under rice in Europe, says the editor of Nature, but at the recent international rice congress at Valencia the view was put forward that this prejudice is unfounded, provided that certain precautions are observed. If this view gains credence it can scarcely be doubted that there will be a material increase in the European production of the cereal.

Caucasia.

In the southern section of Caucasia agriculture is the principal industry. Wheat and other cereals, cotton and tobacco are produced. In Ciscaucasia cattle breeding is profitable, while in the mountainous districts mining is carried on extensively. The mineral deposits include copper, silver, iron and manganese ores, cobalt, sulphur, quicksilver, naphtha and rock salt. The country also produces a great deal of petroleum. Rugs, woolen goods and harness are made. Caucasia is governed by a general governor acting for the emperor and local zemstvos.

Blackness of the Crow.

It was satisfactorily established by the old writers that the crows got their blackness in punishment for their sins. It seems to have been a futile punishment, for there is no living thing that shows in its demeanor less evidence of a repentant spirit. Instead of being ashamed of their blackness, crows, as an Indian writer has said, "swagger in it, and pretend that they chose that exact shade for themselves."

Abram-man.

It was at one time the practice to allow the inmates of the Abraham ward of Bethlehem hospital, London, to go about begging for the benefit of the hospital. Certain vagrants imposed on the hospital, but the inmates, pretending to be actual inmates and were therefore known as Abram-men. Hence the term Abram-man, one who obtains money by shamming sickness.

## CHAT WITH ADAM AND NOAH

Methuselah Was Then a Youth of Fifty-seven Summers, According to the Volume.

I have a book published in the early didactic period of the nineteenth century which illustrates a certain way of imparting historical information. It was written with the laudable intention of making history interesting to people who didn't want to venture into the unfamiliar. The author thought that if the patriarchs were conceived of as New England selectmen, their lives could be made as interesting as if they were New England selectmen.

And I am not sure but that he succeeded. The book is divided into two parts—a conversation with Adam covering the space of 550 years, and an interview with Noah giving an account of the deluge and other events with which he was familiar. They are represented as nice old gentlemen, rather formal in their language and

strictly orthodox in their opinions. Adam speaks hopefully of Methuselah, who, he says, "must be now about fifty-seven years old and is a discreet and well-principled youth." He was very much disturbed over the radical views of the "Jabal-Cains. There is nothing in the book that would indicate that either Adam or Noah had been born out of Connecticut—Exchange.

The population of Belfast, Ireland, is slightly less than 400,000.

Quick Mayonnaise.

Put the yolk of one strictly fresh egg in a mortar and add to this juice of one lemon, two teaspoonfuls of mustard, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, pinch of cayenne pepper. Stir this until a smooth mixture, then gradually add one pint of best olive oil, keep stirring slowly and in a few minutes your dressing will be thick enough to cut. Have it in cool place; it is not necessary to add all the oil unless you wish